

## Do You Trust Me ?? by prettyboiiharringrove

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**Summary:**

Harringrove Halloween Countdown // October 7 — Steve is a good guy and he's in love with Billy, which is why he would listen to anything that comes out of his mouth, no matter how insane it sounds.

## **Do You Trust Me ??**

“Steve, do you trust me?” Billy whispers. He’s standing so close to Steve he can feel his warm breath, can smell the mint gum he’s been obnoxiously chomping down on for the past ten minutes. Steve can’t exactly figure out why his best friend has dragged him into his closet in the middle of a barbecue, but he’s not complaining.

He starts to think, this is it. This is when Billy is finally going to make a fucking move, to say or do something that proves Steve’s feelings aren’t one sided. He’s had an idea about it for a while. He’s been attracted to Billy since he’d stormed up to him at the Halloween party last October, but he’d started falling for him about two months after Billy’s panicked apology. They were hanging out by the pool and Billy was taking his shirt off and Steve had a revelation that things had changed when his gaze never strayed from Billy’s crystal blue eyes despite the perfect opportunity to ogle that Greek god body.

At first he thought maybe he just wasn’t into it anymore. Teenage boys are fickle and indecisive, but that night when he jerked off to the thought of Billy’s strong arms wrapped around him as the wrestled in the pool he knew that couldn’t possibly be it.

No, he has an entirely different problem, and it’s that he’s in love with Billy Hargrove. What’s worse is that the feelings haven’t subsided even a little bit since he’d realized them a few months back and Billy’s such a goddamn flirt that it’s hard to tell if he’s messing around or if he actually might feel the same. Nancy’s spent the better half of those last few months trying to convince Steve that he’s a fucking moron and of course Billy’s into him, but what does she know?

Steve doesn’t realize he’s zoned out until he’s got Billy snapping his fingers in his face, angrily trying to capture his attention, doing his best not to raise his voice.

“Steve,” he growls, and Steve shakes his head a few times to come back to reality.

“What, shit sorry, what?” he frantically mumbles, blushing a bit. He’s a fucking idiot and Billy knows that, apparently finds it cute and charming or some shit, but that doesn’t make Steve feel any less embarrassed when he’s caught being a complete airhead in seemingly serious situations.

“Do you trust me?” Billy repeats, trying to calm himself down. This moment is reminding Steve of the first time he went down on a guy because who the fuck drags their best friend into a closet and then asks them shit like that? It gets Steve’s heart racing a little because he’s sure Billy is definitely going to be better at sucking dick than an experimental fumbling fifteen year old. He probably won’t even gag, unless it’s on purpose to get a rise out of Steve, which is just fucking rude. “Seriously Harrington, are you even fucking listening?!”

“Huh?? Oh yeah, yeah man I heard you,” Steve nods, biting his lip as he noticed Billy’s frustration growing. He then notices something else in Billy’s eyes, something akin to terror, and his face falls. Whatever Billy’s scared of, he wants to protect him, but he’s not so sure he can. He had to learn that the hard way, through Neil.

“Oh yeah, then what did I say?” Steve chuckles, because Billy sounds like his mom when she used to care, and it’s almost as adorable as it is frustrating.

“You asked if I trust you.”

Billy nods, and Steve’s reminded that whatever is going on with Billy must be really serious, because he doesn’t even try to pick on Steve.

“So, do you?”

“Yeah, I trust you, you know I do. What is going on with you man?” it’s easy to feed off of Billy’s fear and to mirror it yourself. If Billy is scared, Steve knows he probably should be too.

“You can’t trust Max,” he blurts out and Steve is immediately confused. He tries not to laugh at him, biting harshly on the inside of his cheek because sure, the kid is pretty badass, but she’s not a threat to them, not really.

“What the f—” Steve is immediately cut off by Billy’s lips on his and fuck if that wasn’t the shittiest transition ever, but he’s not complaining. He’s been dreaming of what Billy must taste like for months, and goddamn, those lips are soft.

“Holy shit!!” Steve feels Billy freeze up on him, but he takes a moment to pull away, lingering, intentional. That’s when Steve realizes Billy must have heard them coming and needed an excuse for them to be in the closet.

For a minute, he just tries to cope with the heartbreak of knowing it wasn’t real, but then he remembers that Steve is the only person that knows Billy’s gay. He’s not out, he’s actually terrified of coming out, but he was so scared of Max catching them talking about her that he risked this instead and isn’t that just fascinating. It’s then Steve notices Max standing to the side, silently smirking at her brother and Steve, not even a little surprised herself even though her friend stands next to her with his jaw on the floor.

“Get a grip Henderson,” Billy growls, but he looks flustered and on the verge of tears. All Steve wants to do is bring him up to his room and hold him, tell him everything is going to be fine, that the kids won’t care. Maybe this is why he’s so scared of Max, because she knows, and she can tell Neil. That lands Steve’s heart in his throat.

Dustin nods, reaches behind them to grab two towels, mutters something about Mike and Will finally getting there, and runs off. Max laughs at him before looking the two over once more and then walking away with a devious grin; Steve doesn’t miss the way Billy trembles under her gaze.

“Hey, ugh, this, it doesn’t ugh, it doesn’t have to mean anything,” Steve tries nervously, only just now realizing that Billy still has one of his hands wrapped around Steve’s waist, and of course it has to mean something, it means so goddamn much, his heart is pounding so fiercely and it’s lodged in his throat so perfectly he can fucking taste it, and even if to Billy it was bullshit, it means something.

“Hey, asshole, if it didn’t mean anything, I wouldn’t have done it. I wouldn’t even be talking to you about this...”

“So, we’re cool?”

“We’re more than cool baby,” Billy smirks, placing his mask of fearless male bravado back on as he strolls out of the closet, dragging Steve with him because he clearly doesn’t want to let go. Steve actually doesn’t mind, thinks maybe they’re kind of boyfriends now, but if he asks too many questions, he’ll screw it up. He almost completely forgets about Billy’s theory, too caught up in the fact that this is actually fucking happening.

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“Come on Steve, the kid swings a bat at my dick one time and you really think I’m gonna stop giving her a hard time ?? I backed off because I felt guilty, but the kid I can’t even fucking look at her. I swear one time I saw her eyes go pure fucking black...I don’t know, there’s something about her...”

“Something about her?” Steve’s trying his best not to be too judgmental, but it’s clear he’s a little skeptical. Black eyes sounds ridiculous, and it wouldn’t be the first time Billy’s seen something that wasn’t there, especially considering how often he hits his head. It doesn’t help that it’s really hard talking about all these theories when his cum is still warm and dripping out of Billy and all he wants to do is lick him clean.

“Don’t be such a dick,” Billy groans, but he moves closer to Steve, even though he feels a little judged. Steve is the only person that will listen to him, and he appreciates it, loves him for it, but he wishes he would concentrate.

“Babe, you’ve been like going on about this for two months now, I just wish you’d get to the fucking point,” Steve argues, kissing and biting at Billy’s shoulder, already getting hard again. Billy can feel him smirking, knows what he’s thinking — it’d be so easy to just slip right back in. Billy doesn’t appreciate people trying to shut him up, but he sure as hell loves the way Steve goes about it.

“Yeah well maybe if you fucking listened, I’d get to the p-oint,” Billy gasps as Steve’s fingers find his abused hole and if he wasn’t already having trouble concentrating, he sure as hell is now.

“Who says I’m not listening?” Steve teases, angling his fingers just right and Billy is like a live-wire, no longer capable of proper brain function because he can feel those fucking fingers everywhere, and he thinks he might be begging, or praying, but he’s sure as hell not talking about conspiracy theories anymore.

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“That’s when I remembered though. We were on our way here from Cali,” Billy starts, but Steve stops him because he’s half asleep and Billy’s talking in his weird conspiracy voice again, so he wants to get all the details right.

They’re standing outside of the arcade waiting for the kids, and Steve really doesn’t want to talk about this. They only have a little while before they have to get in separate cars and deal with bratty teenagers instead of each other, and he would like to spend their time talking about more pleasant things, but he’s trying to be supportive, so he humors him.

“What like your family?” Steve tries not to frown as Billy flinches at the word. “Like Susan, Neil, Max, right?”

“No, that’s the thing.”

“What do you mean that’s the thing? You guys come separately or something? Like you and your dad, Susan and your sister or —”

“I don’t have a sister.”

Steve thought Billy was past this, but sometimes people regress, and this must be one of those times for Billy. That’s alright, they’ll work through it, he’ll be over it before the day’s through.

“Fine, your *stepsister*.”

“No, you’re not hearing me, I don’t have a sister. Susan *never* had a daughter,” Billy whispers cautiously as the kids walk out of the arcade. Max flashes Lucas a smile, gives El the biggest hug, and then she looks at the pair with a knowing smirk.

This time Steve sees it too. Hollow black eyes and a loving smile that

says I'll eat you alive.